

Baked Elephant's Foot.

BAKED elephant's foot is said to be a dainty dish, though the flesh of the great quadruped does not find much favor with Europeans. Some who have tasted it declare that it resembles nothing so much as a composit of soft leather and glue, while others aver that, properly cooked, it is tender and succulent.

THE LOVE GAMBLER

David, Consenting to Act as a Butler for Miss Leighton, Finds an Admirer in the Latter's Friend, Helen Goddard

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

(Author of many novels and one of the country's best-known writers of short stories.)

CHAPTER XLVII.

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"YOU understand, don't you, Smith?"

The chauffeur tried by a mighty effort to bring his mind back to the instructions Miss Leighton was giving him.

He had been thinking how beautiful she was as she stood before him in her evening gown, a string of pearls about her fair throat, the color coming and going in her cheeks. He wished in a vague way that her amethyst pendant had been ready for wear this evening. It would have been pleasant to feel that she was wearing something that had been his aunt's. It would seem like a slight link between him and this girl who was so far beyond him.

He wondered what Samuel Leighton had been saying about him that had caused her to take the other side of the argument. She had been pleading in his favor. The knowledge made his head feel light and excited him strangely.

"I—I beg your pardon?" he stammered in reply to her query. "I—yes, Miss Leighton—I think I understand."

"You are to have a large lump of ice in the bowl and pour the punch with the fruit in it directly on the ice a half-hour before it is needed," she said.

"I understand," he bowed gravely. "And you wish me to serve it?"

"Yes—unless you would prefer my asking one of the other gentlemen unless you prefer not doing it."

"I prefer doing just what you wish me to do, Miss Leighton," he replied. "I am here to be of service to you."

The pair were alone in the dining room and she raised her eyes to his.

"I believe you mean that," she murmured.

There was a wistfulness in her tone that made him say abruptly: "You are troubled about something. I wish I could help you. Can I?"

A Confession.

She followed a swift impulse as she said: "It is about my pendant."

"Your pendant?" he repeated.

"Yes—the amethyst pendant. Oh, I am sure you know absolutely nothing about it!"

He was silent. Did she suspect that he had seen the pendant years before she became its possessor?

"You don't—do you?" she insisted.

He must answer. He chose his words with care, as one walking in the dark takes a cautious step forward.

"I know it belonged to a dear friend of yours—and that she left it to you," he began.

"How did you know that?" Desiree demanded, quickly.

His wit worked very fast. He

had been near making a great mistake.

"You told me as much," he reminded her. "That is, you told me when I found the pendant in the car and returned it to you—that it had belonged to some one who cared for you."

"Oh, yes, so I did!" she exclaimed. "And your returning it to me only proves—"

"Proves what?" he asked curiously. Her perturbation amazed him.

"Only," she said vaguely, "that you knew it was mine."

He was sure she was not voicing her thought. Yet his next speech did not yet have this fact.

"Yes, I knew it was yours," he said lightly. "It was in your car, you know."

"Yes," she admitted, "but on that day you had driven Miss Goddard—"

She got no further, for a gay voice interrupted her. Helen Goddard had come into the dining room.

"Who is taking my name lightly upon profane lips?" she demanded eagerly. "Mrs. Duffield said I would find you here."

"Good evening, Smith," with a roguish smile at the man. "I see you are acting the part of butler edge made his head feel light and excited him strangely."

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Beware of Small Expenses; a Small Leak Will Sink a Great Ship



A Suggestion of the Winter Modes

Reprinted by Permission Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



Revived from an old portrait is this coiffure with a sheer piece of tulle to give it the modern touch.

For the Tired Mother

By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever.

Professor in the University of Kansas and Writer on Sociology.

THE legion of overworked mothers. Take time to be well. There is an old church hymn which starts with: Take time to be holy. Now this admonition is certainly all right in its place, but one of the first steps toward being holy is to be whole, or in a good state of health.

The wastage of the physical life of the ordinary mother of today—the great, good, common mother—is such as to depress and discourage the most hopeful student of human affairs and of the problems of childhood in particular.

The unprecedented shortage of household help, the strain of meeting household needs as to food and clothing, the tense hurry and excitement of this busy age—all these tend to grind away the life of the mother. Not only are her own health and point of mind greatly impaired, but her judgment and influence in dealing with her children are correspondingly undermined.

In view of the distressing conditions of thousands of the good mothers of today, I wish to urge the following simple rules of living: "No time for such matters," or "can't afford such luxuries." But my reply is you can't afford to neglect your health. To take time for them means really a saving of time and a marked conservation of strength and energy of body and mind.

Take time for a cold bath daily. A sprinkle of warm water over your body followed by a dash of cold and a brisk rub with the towel will pay for itself ten times over in added health tone and strength and peace of mind. Merely a wash bowl will suffice if nothing better is available. Ten minutes for the morning bath should add at least two hours to the efficient working day.

Take time for rest. Too many mothers become the common slave of all. They eat their meals by starts and snatches and often actually forget to finish at all. Place things on the table before calling the family, then sit down with the others and train the children to take turns in bringing the extra service. It will not hurt the family to go on the jump at this time, but it is too much for your tired nerves.

The half-starved, fatigued, poorly nourished mother is nearly always a poor mother. Give your children. Therefore, eat a plenty and stay at the table to enjoy the meal.

Take time to go out. No matter where down to the store, out to the park, around a city square, over to a neighbor's get out and forget the house at least an hour every day. To meet people, to breathe the out-door air, to be in a different environment for even a short period, will refresh your body wonderfully a stimulate your mind to a marked degree.

Now, if you are busy, make yourself some more simple rules like the foregoing and begin today to live up to them. Take time to be whole and you can more easily be a mother. Take time to get all the available strength and your children will be richly forwarded through the effort.

A Primitive Weapon.

The blowgun is the popular hunting weapon of the Kogi Indians of Louisiana. This weapon consists of a tube, usually of cane, about six feet long, rubbed smooth on the inside with an impregnated made for the purpose, and carefully straightened with the aid of fire. Slender, pointed darts about eight inches long are used as ammunition. Each one is wrapped with a third of its length, with thistle-down or cotton to make it fit the inside of the tube. The hunter places a dart in the tube, which he raises to his lips and with which he takes careful aim at his game, then with a quick puff of breath he drives the little dart flying with sufficient force to impale and kill a small bird or squirrel.

In the Fashion.

A young man purchased his sweetheart a pair of ten-button kid gloves and left them at the house himself. The servant-girl took them in and, going to the foot of the stairs, called out: "Please, miss, here's a gentleman as has brought you a pair of leggings."

Three Lonely Girls.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

We are three girls, aged nineteen and twenty. We are good looking and have graduated from the high school. We are all single and other places of amusement, but the thought of coming home late at night is a real terror to us. Our mothers continually question us about our friends. They say we should get out and meet people. We are all engaged, and we three girls go for a walk or to the movies or read a book and that's all.

Probably you three girls have gotten into the unwise habit of associating with each other to the exclusion of everybody else. It sounds too, as though you had led rather a languid life, but I may be mistaken. I wonder if you are wage-earners, or, in any case, if you can't manage to be really, wholeheartedly interested in something impersonal. For, ten to one, you are all too busy to get out after people generally, including young people. Try giving a party or two at your homes. After a while this matter of acquiring new friends will, I think, take care of itself. But I hope you have misunderstood your mothers if they have seemed to urge you to cultivate new friends. You are young enough to postpone marriage, but don't let this be a period of mere waiting.

Music in Bohemia.

For the last two hundred years almost every nation of Europe has counted among its stars a Bohemian—either with a genuine Slavic spelling or a German or Germanized name. Bohemia certainly has the right to be proud of the fact that one of Gluck's teachers, the Prague monk and hymn-writer, Bohuslav Terehohorsky, was equal to that of Clementi, while in invention and idealism he surpassed the great Italian composer.

Frantisek Skrepek (1801-1882), the composer of the first original Bohemian opera, in his "Where Is My Fatherland?" anticipated the glory and joy that came to Czechoslovakia in December, 1918. The Czech national movement found, however, its first real center in the National Theater, which was opened in Prague in 1882, and Frantisek Smetana (1824-1884) set the ball rolling by writing his famous opera, "The Bartered Bride."

Frantisek Skrepek (1801-1882), the founder of the Bohemian School of National Music, took not only the subjects of his principal compositions from the history of the Bohemian people, but also nationalized the department of orchestral music.

The Other Way Round.

Moorington—Many a word is spoken in jest. Stingingly. Yes, but they can't compare with the number of foolish ones that are spoken in earnest.

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the winning of the "Cup of All Nations" by the American yacht America, off Cowes in 1851. Watching the race, Queen Victoria asked which boat was second and was told there was no second. The trophy, many times contested for since, remains in the custody of the New York Yacht Club.

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Torres Goes Mad and In His Rage

Makes Desperate Assault on

Skull of Peter McGill

(Continued from Previous Chapter.)

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic seafarer, came to pass up activities of city life for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Regan, stuck in a dreary office, comes Alvarez Torres, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Young Morgan sails for South America in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters a strange young woman who appears to mistake him for some one else. He is fired upon by three natives and secures a shot in the leg, the ankle, the Angelique.

Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious wanderer, are both descendants of Pirate Morgan.

Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is saved from death in a gallows and is arrested in his place. Leoncia finds her fancy has strayed from Henry to Francis. The two plot to save Henry.

Francis, Leoncia and Henry elude their enemies and go aboard Francis' vessel. Torres comes to the coast. Francis and his party decide to ashore where their party is captured. All members of the party are captured. Henry and Francis are taken to a strange place. Francis finds a treasure of pirate treasure. They fall into a trap. Old Priest's plan to bring Francis to fortune from Chile's ear. Francis decides to take his bride to his home in New York.

Francis' wife learns of her husband's love for Leoncia.

Francis leaves his mysterious wife in Leoncia's care. He starts a search for her.

In the meantime she finds Leoncia gazing at Francis' photograph and draws a poison to kill her but comes to her senses and turns over her and they become friends. The queen the leads party into the Valley of Lost Souls to recover her treasure and Torres and Jefe lead another.

He did observe, with swimming eyes and increasing numbness of touch, that the pirate was contracting both vertically and horizontally. Slanting downward at thirty degrees, it gave him an impression of a rat-rat, himself the rat, descending head foremost toward he knew not what. Even before he reached it he apprehended that the slit of bright day that advertised the open world beyond was too narrow for the egress of his body.

And his apprehension was verified. Crawling unconcernedly over a skeleton that the blaze of day showed him to be a man's he managed, by severely and painfully tracing the backbone of the skeleton, to thrust his head through the slitted aperture. The sun beat down upon his head, while his eyes drank in the openness of the freedom of the world that the unyielding fock denied to the rest of his body.

Most maddening of all was a running stream not a hundred yards away, tree-fringed beyond, with lush meadow-grass leading down to it from his side. And in the tree-shadowed water, knee-deep and drowsing, stood several cows of the dwarf breed peculiar to the Valley of Lost Souls.

Occasionally they flicked their tails lazily at flies, or changed the distribution of their weight on their legs. He glared at them as he saw them drink, but they were evidently too sated with water. Pools! Why should they not drink, with all that wealth of water flowing idly by?

They betrayed alertness, turning their heads far back and pricking their ears forward. Then, as a disinterested consciousness, he found the trees to the water's edge, they flattened their ears back and shook their heads and pawed the water. But he could hear the splashing. But these disinterested threats lowered his head and drank. This was too much for Torres, who emitted a maniacal scream, which, had he been in his senses, he would not have recognized as proceeding from his own throat and larva.

The stag sprang away. The cattle turned their heads in Torres' direction, drew their eyes back, and resumed the flicking of flies. With a violent effort, scarcely knowing that he had half torn off his ears, he drew his head back through the slitted aperture and fainted on top of the skeleton.

Two hours later, though he did not know the passage of time, he registered consciousness and found his head cheek by jowl with the skull of the skeleton on which he lay. The descending sun was already shining into the narrow opening, and his gaze chanced upon a rusty knife. The point of it was worn and broken, and he established the connection.

This was the knife that had scratched the inscription on the rock at the base of the funnel at the other end of the passage, and this skeleton was the bone frame-work of the man who had done the scratching. And Alvarez Torres remembered immediately mad.

"Ah, Peter McGill's enemy," he muttered. "Peter McGill, of Glasgow, who betrayed me to this end—this for you—and this, and this!"

So speaking, he drove the heavy knife into the fragile front of the skull. The dust of the bone which had once been the tabernacle of Peter McGill's brain arose in his nostrils and increased his frenzy. He attacked the skeleton with his hands, tearing at it, disrupting it, filling the pent space about him with flying bones. It was like a battle, in which he destroyed what was left of the mortal remains of the one-time resident of Glasgow.

Once again Torres squeezed his head through the slit to gaze at the fading glory of the world. Caught by the rock in the trap of ancient Maya devising, he saw the bright world and day dim to darkness as

his final consciousness drowned in the darkness of death.

But still the cattle stood in the water and drank and flicked at flies, and later the stag returned, disdainful of the cattle, to complete his interrupted drink.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Not for nothing had Regan been named by his associates The Wolf of Wall Street. While usually no more than a conservative, large-scale player, ever so often, like a periodical drinker, he had to go on a rampage of wild and daring stock gambling.

At least five times in his long career had he knocked the bottom out of the market or lifted the roof off, and each time to the tune of a personal gain of millions. He never went on a similar rampage, and he never went too often.

He would let years of quiescence slip by, until suspicion of him was laid to sleep and his world deemed that The Wolf was at last grown old and peaceable. And then, like a thunderbolt, he would strike at the men and interests he wished to destroy. But, as a rule, he always fell like a thunderbolt, not like a thunderbolt was its inception. Long months were spent in deviously preparing for the day and painstakingly maturing the plans and conditions for the battle.

Thus had it been in the outlining and working up of the impending Waterloo for Francis Morgan. Revenge lay back of it, but it was revenge against a dead man. Not Francis; but Francis' father, was the one he struck against, although he struck against the living Regan to the heart of the grave to accomplish it.

Eight years ago he had waited and sought his chance on old R. H. M.—Richard Henry Morgan—had died. But no chance had he found. He was, truly, the Wolf of Wall Street, but never by any luck had R. H. M. been an opportunity against the Lion—for to his death R. H. M. had been known as the Lion of Wall Street.

The Dead Carried On.

So, from father to son, always under a show of fair appearance, Regan had carried the feud over. Yet Regan's very foundation on which he built for revenge was meretricious and wrongly conceived. True, eight years before R. H. M.'s death he had tried to double-cross him and failed; but he never dreamed that R. H. M. had guessed. Yet R. H. M. had not only guessed, but had ascertained before Regan's very foundation on which he built for revenge was meretricious and wrongly conceived. True, eight years before R. H. M.'s death he had tried to double-cross him and failed; but he never dreamed that R. H. M. had guessed. Yet R. H. M. had not only guessed, but had ascertained before Regan's very foundation on which he built for revenge was meretricious and wrongly conceived. True, eight years before R. H. M.'s death he had tried to double-cross him and failed; but he never dreamed that R. H. M. had guessed. Yet R. H. 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